FIRST COMICS
AUG 50 1989
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COME TO A BADGER™ BIRTHDAY BASH!

WINE • WOMEN • SONG • VIOLENCE • BEER

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From:
Mike Baron
Jeff Butler
Mark Nelson
Ron Lim
Paul Abrams

BUTLER

ANEMONE OF THE PEOPLE

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Jeffrey Butler: Penciller

Mark Nelson & Jeffrey Butler: Inkers

Bill Oakley: Letterer

Ray Murtaugh: Colorist

Bob Garcia: Editor

TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER

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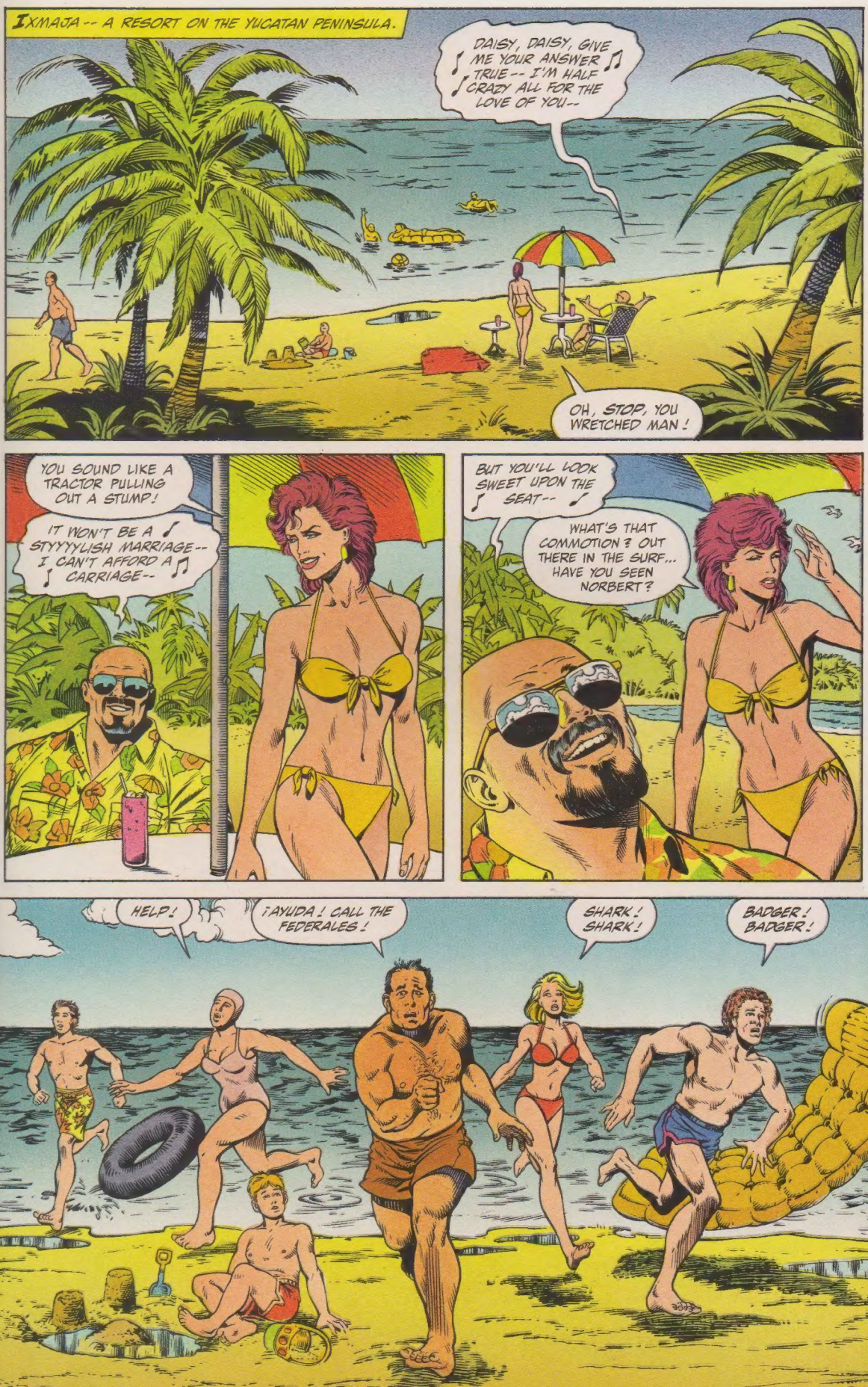
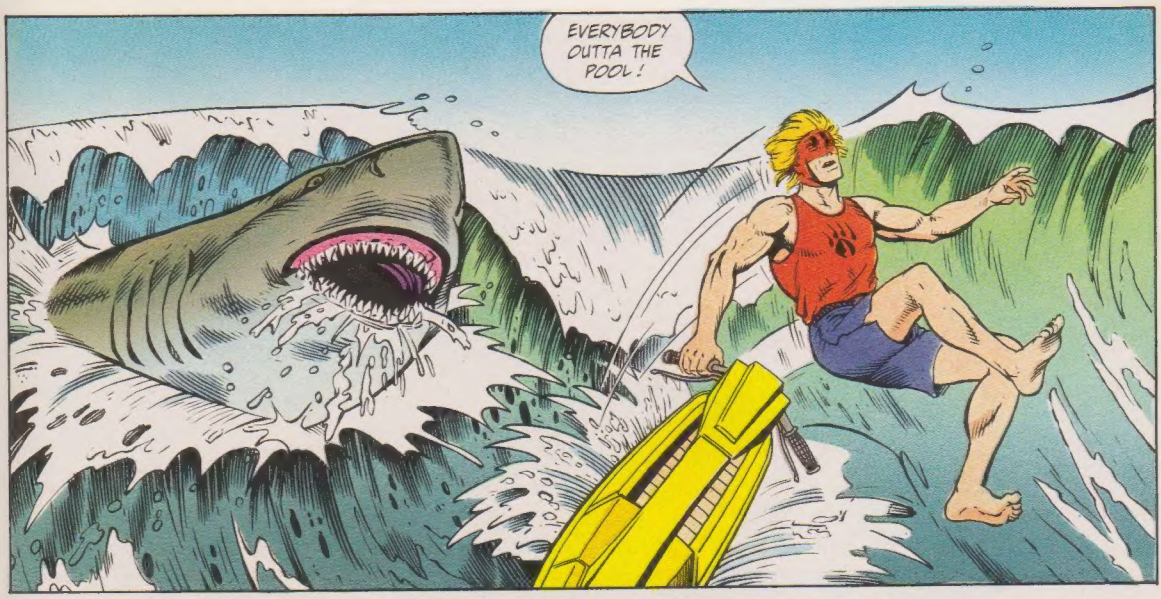
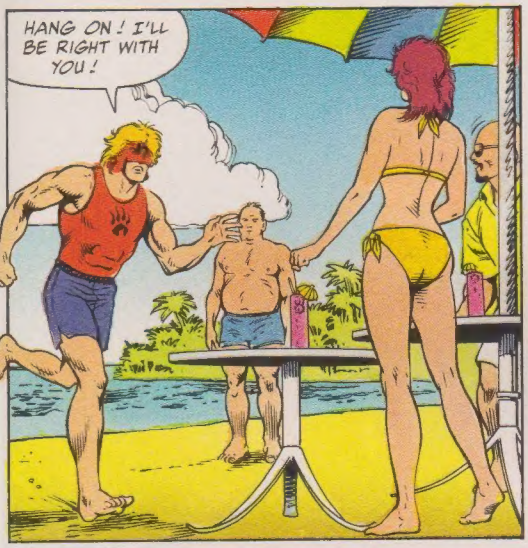
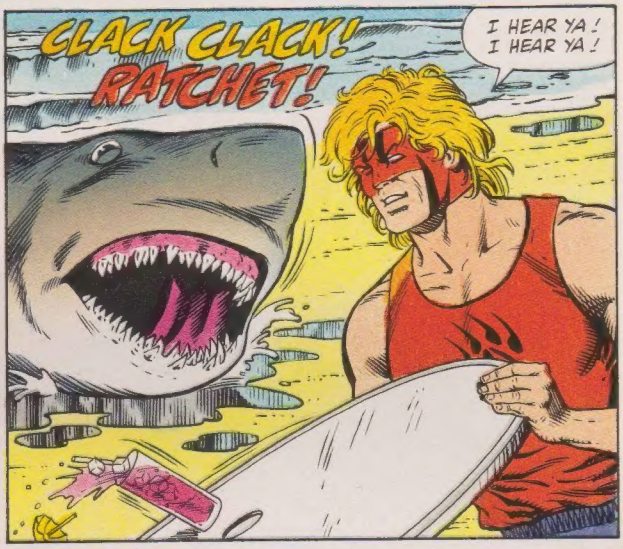

IXMAJA -- A RESORT ON THE YUCATAN PENINSULA.
DAISY, DAISY, GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER TRUE -- I'M HALF CRAZY ALL FOR THE LOVE OF YOU--
OH, STOP, YOU WRETCHED MAN!
YOU SOUND LIKE A TRACTOR PULLING OUT A STUMP!
IT WON'T BE A STYYYYLISH MARRIAGE-- I CAN'T AFFORD A CARRIAGE--
BUT YOU'LL LOOK SWEET UPON THE SEAT--
WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION? OUT THERE IN THE SURF... HAVE YOU SEEN NORBERT?
HELP!
¡AYUDA! CALL THE FEDERALES!
SHARK! SHARK!
BADGER! BADGER!

ANEMONE
OF THE PEOPLE
GANGWAY! THIS SHARK IS REALLY STOKED!
Saganaki


EVERYBODY OUTTA THE POOL!


HANG ON! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

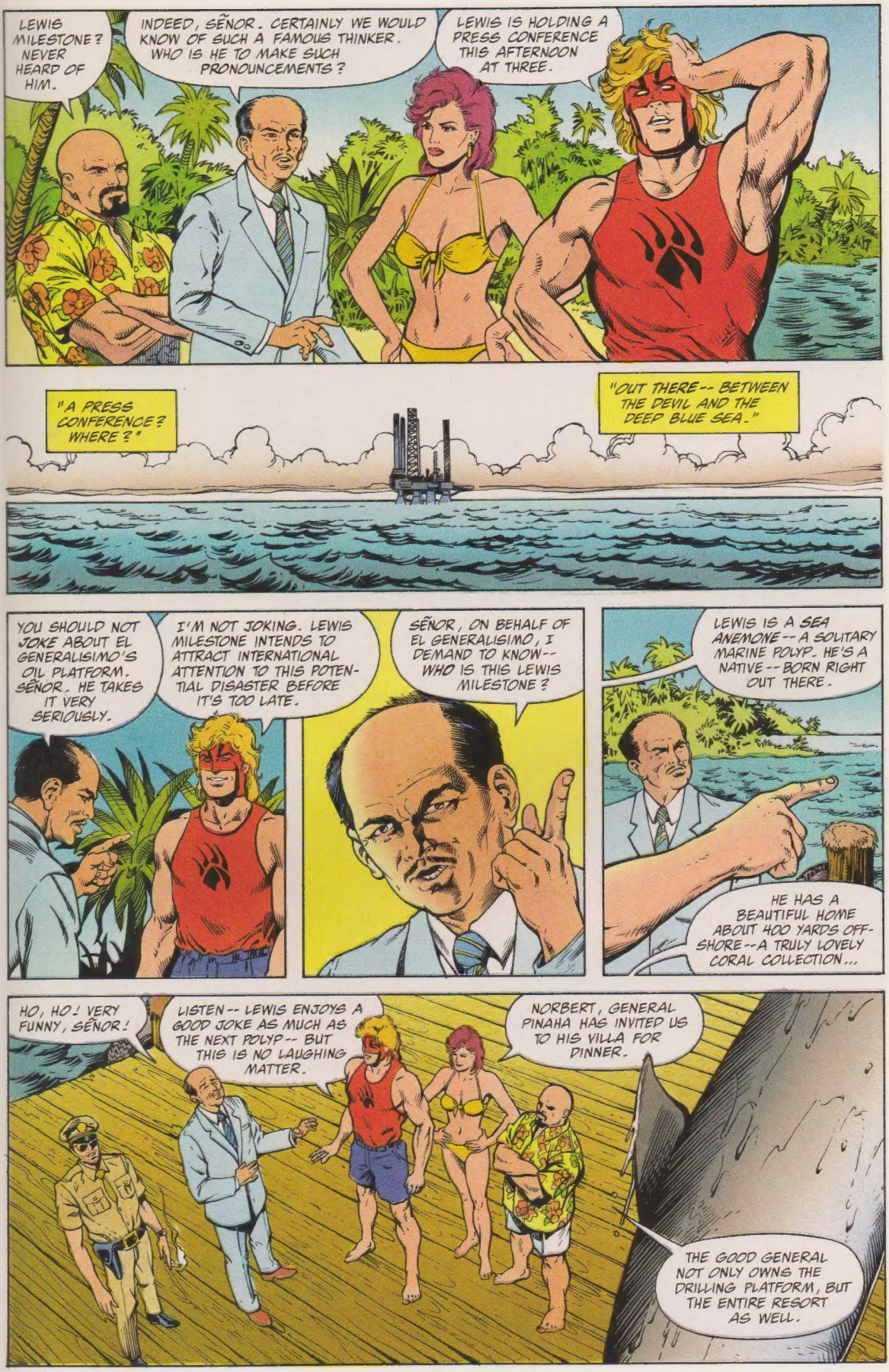

CLACK CLACK! RATCHET!
I HEAR YA! I HEAR YA!

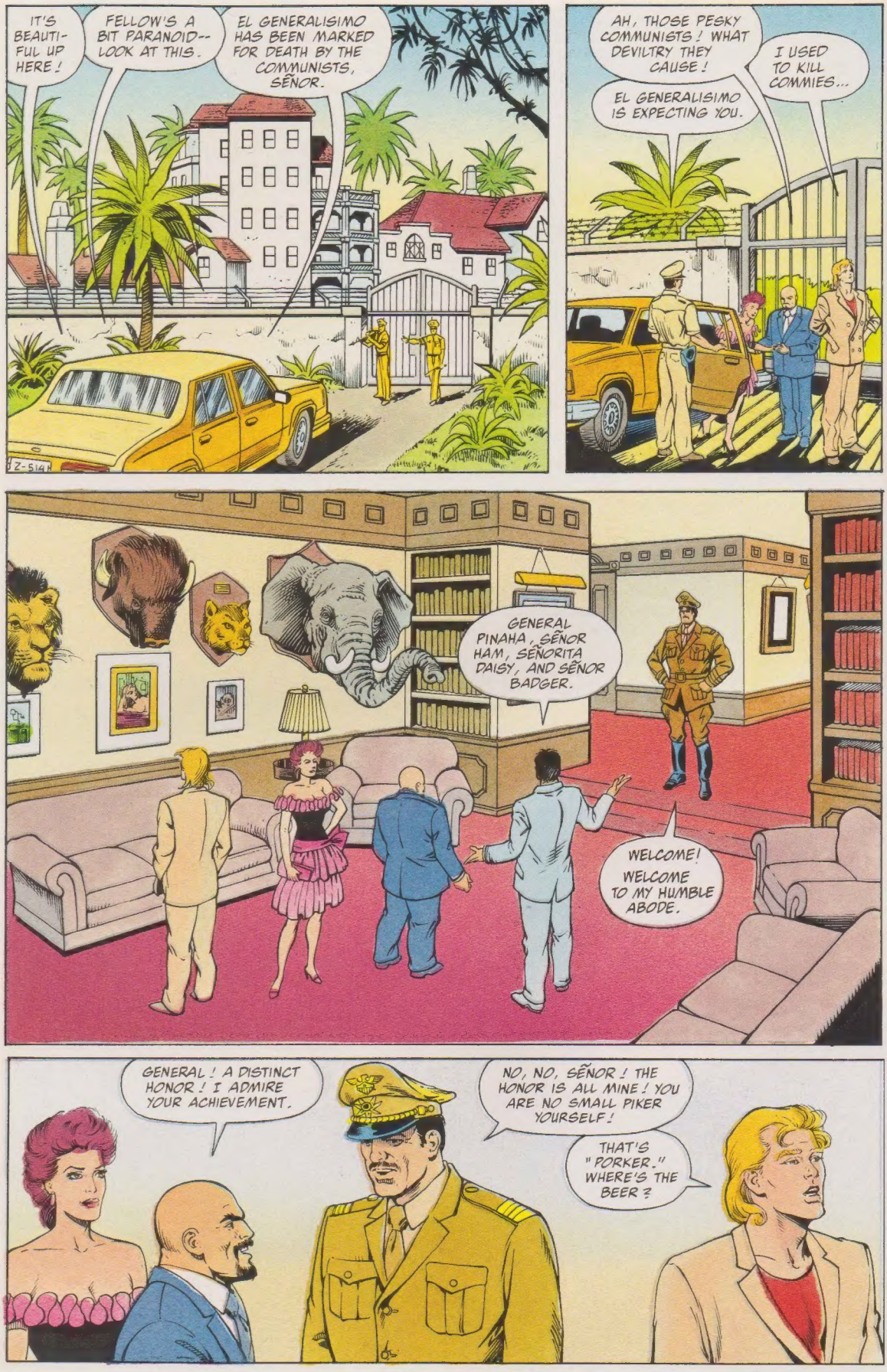
BASH! BASH! BASH!

BASH BASH BASH

THIS IS HARD WORK...
HERE. TRY THIS.
THANKS!

KA-CHING
THIS SHARK WAS GOING TO HAVE ME FOR LUNCH, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I TURNED THE TABLES ON HIM.
SEÑOR BADGER, THIS IS THE LARGEST SHARK EVER CAUGHT AT THE RESORT! CONGRATULATIONS!
THANK YOU. BUT WE MUST NOT LET THIS AMUSING INCIDENT OVERSHADOW AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!
WHAT IS THAT, SEÑOR BADGER?
I'VE JUST COME FROM A MEETING WITH LEWIS MILESTONE, PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT THINKER TO EMERGE FROM THE SEA SINCE COUSTEAU... AND LEWIS MILESTONE SAYS THAT THOSE BOYS DRILLING FOR OIL OUT THERE DON'T KNOW THEIR PECKERS FROM THEIR AUGERS...
LEWIS MILESTONE FURTHER MAINTAINS THAT IF THEY CONTINUE DRILLING, THEY'RE GOING TO SPRING A BIG LEAK-- AND THIS BEACH IS GOING TO BE THREE INCHES DEEP IN GRADE A CRUDE.

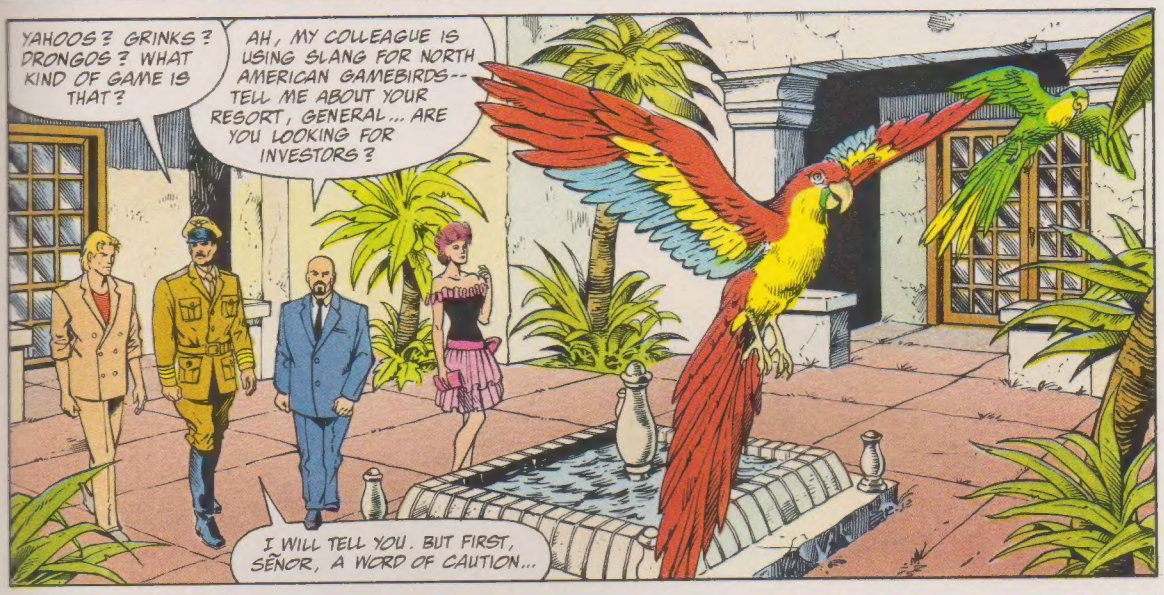

LEWIS MILESTONE? NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
INDEED, SEÑOR. CERTAINLY WE WOULD KNOW OF SUCH A FAMOUS THINKER. WHO IS HE TO MAKE SUCH PRONOUNCEMENTS?
LEWIS IS HOLDING A PRESS CONFERENCE THIS AFTERNOON AT THREE.
"A PRESS CONFERENCE? WHERE?"
"OUT THERE-- BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA."
YOU SHOULD NOT JOKE ABOUT EL GENERALISIMO'S OIL PLATFORM. SEÑOR. HE TAKES IT VERY SERIOUSLY.
I'M NOT JOKING. LEWIS MILESTONE INTENDS TO ATTRACT INTERNATIONAL ATTENTION TO THIS POTENTIAL DISASTER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
SEÑOR, ON BEHALF OF EL GENERALISIMO, I DEMAND TO KNOW-- WHO IS THIS LEWIS MILESTONE?
LEWIS IS A SEA ANEMONE-- A SOLITARY MARINE POLYP. HE'S A NATIVE-- BORN RIGHT OUT THERE.
HE HAS A BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOUT 400 YARDS OFF-SHORE--A TRULY LOVELY CORAL COLLECTION...
HO, HO! VERY FUNNY, SEÑOR!
LISTEN-- LEWIS ENJOYS A GOOD JOKE AS MUCH AS THE NEXT POLYP-- BUT THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.
NORBERT, GENERAL PINAHA HAS INVITED US TO HIS VILLA FOR DINNER.
THE GOOD GENERAL NOT ONLY OWNS THE DRILLING PLATFORM, BUT THE ENTIRE RESORT AS WELL.


IT'S BEAUTIFUL UP HERE!
FELLOW'S A BIT PARANOID-- LOOK AT THIS.
EL GENERALISIMO HAS BEEN MARKED FOR DEATH BY THE COMMUNISTS, SEÑOR.
Z-514
AH, THOSE PESKY COMMUNISTS! WHAT DEVILTRY THEY CAUSE!
I USED TO KILL COMMIES...
EL GENERALISIMO IS EXPECTING YOU.
GENERAL PINAHA, SEÑOR HAM, SEÑORITA DAISY, AND SEÑOR BADGER.
WELCOME! WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE ABODE.
GENERAL! A DISTINCT HONOR! I ADMIRE YOUR ACHIEVEMENT.
NO, NO, SEÑOR! THE HONOR IS ALL MINE! YOU ARE NO SMALL PIKER YOURSELF!
THAT'S "PORKER." WHERE'S THE BEER?

MY PERSONAL SECRETARY, DAISY FIELDS.
THE SEÑORITA IS MOST BEAUTIFUL.
AND YOU ARE VERY GALLANT.
YOU LIKE TO HUNT?

YES. DO YOU HUNT, SEÑOR BADGER?
OCCASIONALLY.
WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO HUNT?

YAHOOS. BLIVETS. GRINKS, GROINKS AND DRONGOS. BUT I DON'T TAKE THEIR HEADS -- THAT WOULD BE A FELONY.


YAHOOS? GRINKS? DRONGOS? WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THAT?
AH, MY COLLEAGUE IS USING SLANG FOR NORTH AMERICAN GAMEBIRDS -- TELL ME ABOUT YOUR RESORT, GENERAL... ARE YOU LOOKING FOR INVESTORS?
I WILL TELL YOU. BUT FIRST, SEÑOR, A WORD OF CAUTION...

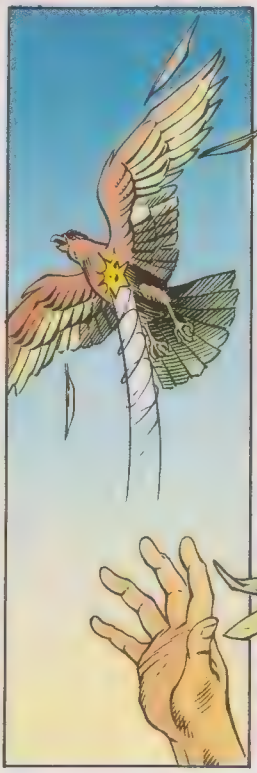
I UNDERSTAND THERE WAS TALK ON THE BEACH TODAY... ABOUT CLOSING DOWN THE DRILLING OPERATION.

SUCH TALK IS DANGEROUS.
HOW DANGEROUS?

COLONEL VAN -- AH, THERE YOU ARE!
YOW! THIS GEEK IS SNEAKY!
GENERAL.

COLONEL VAN WAS WITH THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE POLICE BEFORE THE COLLAPSE...
...NOW HE WORKS FOR ME AS CHIEF OF SECURITY. COLONEL, IF YOU WOULD OBLIGE OUR FRIENDS WITH A DEMONSTRATION...
AS YOU WISH.

LOOK! A HAWK!



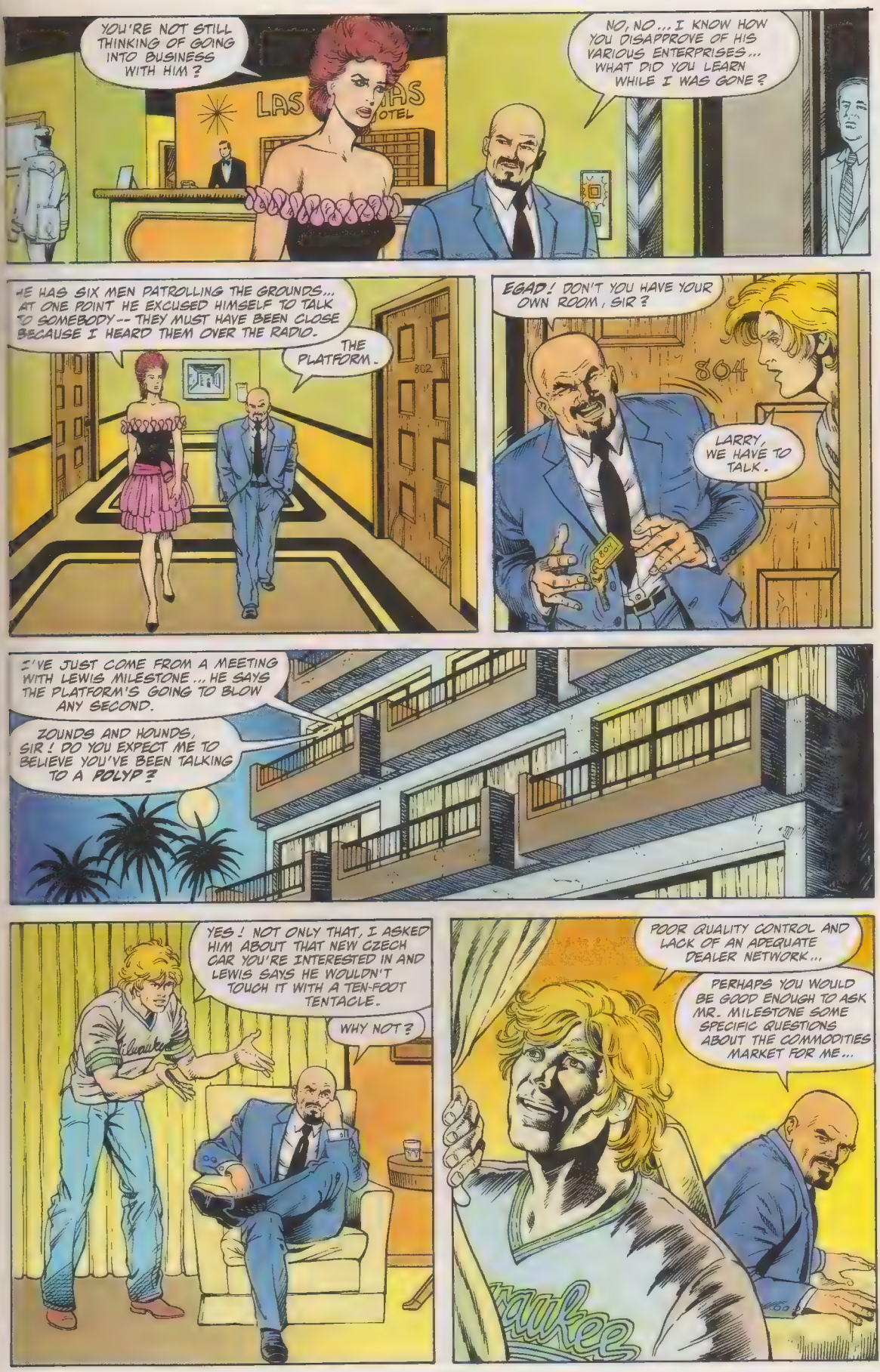
THUMP!

NO, BADGER, NO!
YES, LARRY, YES! STRAIGHT FROM MY LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS TO THE COLONEL!
WHAP
SSSS--
YEAH! LET'S GET IT ON, YOU SLANTY-EYED LITTLE BASTARD!
BADGER! WE ARE GUESTS IN THE MAN'S HOME!
-OW CAN YOU MAKE SUCH A RACIST REMARK?
WELL, EXCUUUSE ME, BUT I DIDN'T SPEND NINE MONTHS IN A POW CAMP FOR NOTHING!
THIS MAN WAS ON YOUR SIDE!
WE ALL DID SHAMEFUL THINGS IN THE WAR. I DON'T NEED TO BE REMINDED.
MY APOLOGIES, SIR. MY COLLEAGUE HAS A HISTORY OF MENTAL DIFFICULTIES.
YOU CANNOT APOLOGIZE FOR HIM.
SEE HERE, BADGER-- YOU MUST APOLOGIZE. I WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE GENERAL.
FORGET IT. I'LL POP THAT SUCKER AGAIN!
GENERAL, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU AND I WERE TO MEET BY OURSELVES LATER.
YESSS... YOU ARE A MAN OF REASON, SEÑOR HAM. YOU AND THE LADY ARE WELCOME ANY-TIME.

IN FACT, MY CHEF HAS PREPARED AN EXCELLENT DINNER. IT WOULD BE A SHAME FOR IT TO GO TO WASTE. WHY DON'T I HAVE MY MAN RUN SEÑOR BADGER BACK TO THE HOTEL...
YOU GO, TOO. TALK TO HIM. MOLIFY HIM. THEN YOU WILL RETURN AND JOIN US.
US?
I AM HOPING YOU WILL PERMIT ME TO ENTERTAIN THE SEÑORITA...
THAT WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL, GENERAL.
PLEASE, YOU MUST CALL ME EDUARDO.
YOU MORON! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT PERFORMANCE? YOU ARE AN EMPLOYEE! HOW DARE YOU JEOPARDIZE A DEAL?!
SO FIRE ME.
HUMPH! I ONLY HOPE I CAN SALVAGE THE SITUATION!
HEY, LIKE I'M SORRY. BUT I'VE GOT CERTAIN INALIENABLE HAIR-TRIGGER MECHANISMS!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL SENT THAT CANDY-ASS A CANDY-GRAM, OKAY?
GET OUT.
LAS PA
MAY AS WELL CHECK IN WITH LEWIS MILESTONE.

WELL, HERE'S TO BUSINESS.
HEAR, HEAR! AGAIN, MY APOLOGIES FOR THE BADGER--I'VE TRIED TO HELP HIM, POOR MAN. I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS.
COME, COME. NOTHING IS HOPELESS. WONDERFUL THINGS CAN BE DONE THESE DAYS WITH DRUGS...
NO, I'M AFRAID HIS PROBLEMS ARE BEYOND DRUG THERAPY.
WELL, LET'S FORGET THE BADGER FOR A MOMENT...
WONDERFUL THINGS CAN STILL BE DONE WITH DRUGS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THE RESORT IS PROFITABLE. IT IS ALSO USEFUL FOR DISGUISING LARGE SUMS OF CASH, THE FRUIT OF MY PHARMACEUTICAL BUSINESS.
PURE BOLIVIAN FLAKE. I UNDERSTAND YOU RECENTLY PURCHASED A SHIPPING LINE HEADQUARTERED IN GALVESTON...
A COBBLER SHOULD STICK TO HIS LAST, GENERAL. WHY SHOULD I PUT MYSELF AT RISK WITH THIS ENTERPRISE?
I'M NETTING $15 MILLION A MONTH! AND PLEASE, YOU MUST CALL ME EDUARDO.
LET ME THINK ABOUT IT, EDUARDO. AND LET ME BROACH, IF I MAY, A RATHER DELICATE SUBJECT...

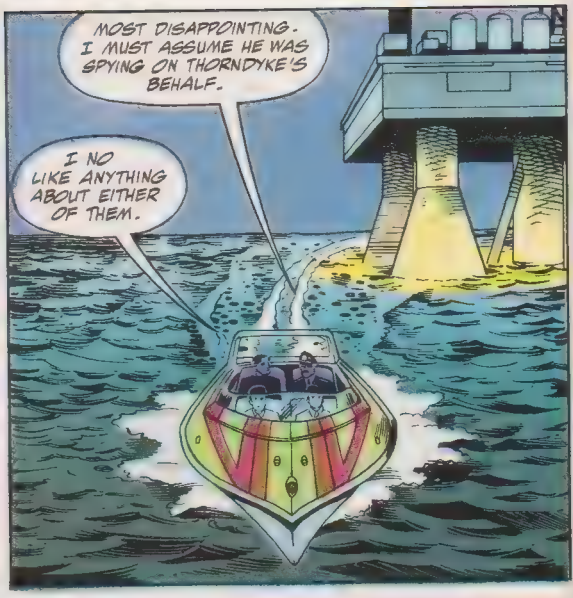
WELL?
THIS OIL DRILLING PLATFORM -- HOW SECURE IS IT?
COMPLETELY SECURE. BUILT WITH AMERICAN ENGINEERS! DON'T TELL ME YOU GIVE CREDENCE TO EL LOCO'S RAVINGS!
THE BADGER IS AN UNUSUAL FELLOW -- LIKE SOME LUNATICS, HE HAS A SIXTH SENSE. BUT IF YOU'RE SATISFIED...
IT'S GETTING LATE.
NONSENSE, MY DEAR. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG. IF IT'S STIMULATION YOU NEED...
PLEASE TRY SOME OF THIS
NU THANK YOU. HAM?
I MUST DECLINE, EDUARDO. HEART CONDITION. WE REALLY MUST BE GETTING BACK.
LET'S GET TOGETHER IN A DAY OR TWO AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO...
VERY GOOD. YOU ARE WELCOME HERE ANYTIME.
THANK YOU. WHERE IS THE COLONEL, BY THE WAY?
PATROLLING THE GROUNDS. WE MUST REMAIN EVER VIGILANT BECAUSE OF THE COMMUNISTS, YOU SEE...
AH, YES-- THOSE PESKY COMMUNISTS...


YOU'RE NOT STILL THINKING OF GOING INTO BUSINESS WITH HIM?
LAS
HOTEL
NO, NO... I KNOW HOW YOU DISAPPROVE OF HIS VARIOUS ENTERPRISES... WHAT DID YOU LEARN WHILE I WAS GONE?
HE HAS SIX MEN PATROLLING THE GROUNDS... AT ONE POINT HE EXCUSED HIMSELF TO TALK TO SOMEBODY -- THEY MUST HAVE BEEN CLOSE BECAUSE I HEARD THEM OVER THE RADIO.
THE PLATFORM.
802
EGAD! DON'T YOU HAVE YOUR OWN ROOM, SIR?
804
LARRY, WE HAVE TO TALK.
I'VE JUST COME FROM A MEETING WITH LEWIS MILESTONE... HE SAYS THE PLATFORM'S GOING TO BLOW ANY SECOND.
ZOUNDS AND HOUNDS, SIR! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO A POLYP?
YES! NOT ONLY THAT, I ASKED HIM ABOUT THAT NEW CZECH CAR YOU'RE INTERESTED IN AND LEWIS SAYS HE WOULDN'T TOUCH IT WITH A TEN-FOOT TENTACLE.
WHY NOT?
POOR QUALITY CONTROL AND LACK OF AN ADEQUATE DEALER NETWORK...
PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ASK MR. MILESTONE SOME SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT THE COMMODITIES MARKET FOR ME...

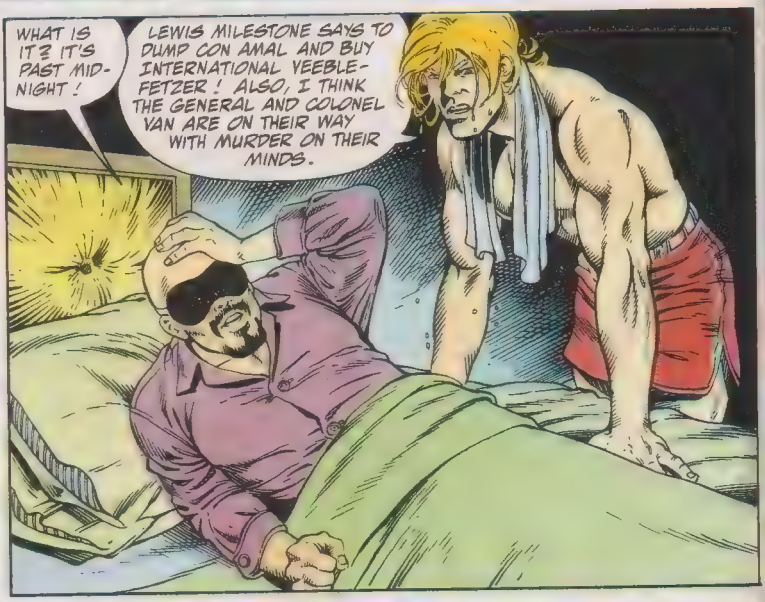
AN HOUR LATER.
THORNDYKE WILL JOIN US, COLONEL VAN. YOU'LL SEE.
I HAVE MY DOUBTS, AND THE BADGER IS MINE.
NOT UNTIL I HAVE THORNDYKE'S REPLY.
ANY TROUBLE, CAPTAIN?
NO, SEÑOR. IT WAS A PIECE OF CAKE -- TWO TONS OF PHARMACEUTICAL-GRADE COCAINE, COMING ABOARD.
I HOPE IT'S TIGHTLY SEALED.
TRIPLE-WRAPPED. PLEASE SEE FOR YOURSELF.
I WOULD BE VERY SURPRISED IF IT WERE NOT AS ADVERTISED, CAPTAIN.
TASTE.
MMM..., THE REAL STUFF.
A DRUG PIPELINE! I MUST CONSULT LEWIS MILESTONE.

GOOD LUCK AND GOD SPEED, CAPTAIN.
I HAD THE EASY PART, MON GENERAL. GETTING IT INTO THE STATES IS YOUR PROBLEM.
NOW, GENERAL?
NO -- WAIT UNTIL HE'S AT LEAST A KILOMETER AWAY.
FOOSH
BOOM
THE BADGER!
GIVE ME YOUR GUN!
COLONEL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DIDN'T YOU SEE HIM? IT WAS THE BADGER! HERE!
POW
POW

ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE! WE MUST BEAT HIM BACK TO SHORE! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT US IF HE'S SWIMMING!


MOST DISAPPOINTING. I MUST ASSUME HE WAS SPYING ON THORNDYKE'S BEHALF.
I NO LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT EITHER OF THEM.

HAM! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
ZZZ-- GA-ZORD! HUH? WHA--?
LAS PALMAS HOTEL


WHAT IS IT? IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT!
LEWIS MILESTONE SAYS TO DUMP CON AMAL AND BUY INTERNATIONAL YEEBLE-FETZER! ALSO, I THINK THE GENERAL AND COLONEL VAN ARE ON THEIR WAY WITH MURDER ON THEIR MINDS.

WHAT?!
YEAH. I THINK THEY'RE ANGRY 'CAUSE I SAW THEIR DRUG SHIPMENT COME IN-- AND I ALSO SAW 'EM ICE THE CARRIER.

YOU WHAT?!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, BOYS?

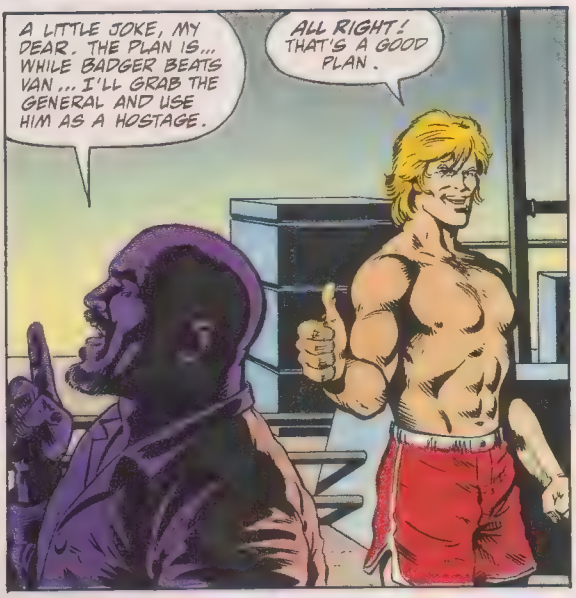
START PACKING, MS. FIELDS. THE BADGER HAS PUT US IN AN UNTENABLE SITUATION.
NORBERT, WHAT'S GOING ON?
GOING SOMEWHERE, SEÑOR HAM?
WHY, NO, GENERAL. MERELY REARRANGING MY GARMENTS.
I MUST INSIST YOU ALL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE PLATFORM.
THAT'S NO GOOD, GENERAL. LEWIS MILESTONE SAYS IT'S GOING TO BLOW ANY MINUTE.
WHAP

YOU FOOL! WE'RE NOT EVEN DRILLING NOW!
ANY MAN THAT CLAIMS TO TALK TO SEA ANEMONES IS CRAZY.
NOW YOU MUST DECIDE, HAM. JOIN ME OR FEED THE SHARKS.
WHAT OF MY COLLEAGUE?
THE BADGER DIES REGARDLESS. SURELY YOU HAVE NO USE FOR HIM! HE'S UNCONTROLLABLE.
THE GENERAL IS A SPORTING MAN, YES? I HAVE AN AMUSING PROPOSITION. WHY DON'T YOU PIT YOUR COLONEL VAN AGAINST THE BADGER? YOU CAN HAVE HIM IN ANY CASE... BUT IF MY MAN WINS, HE MAY CHOOSE THE MANNER OF HIS OWN DEATH. DOES THIS INTRIGUE YOU?
HAM!
YES, IT DOES. WHAT SAY YOU, COLONEL?
I AM VERY MUCH FOR IT.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHOULD THE BADGER WIN, COLONEL VAN'S FATE WILL ALSO BE ASSURED.

YOU MAY HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO PREPARE YOURSELF. THE MEN WILL WANT TO PLACE BETS.

SO, LARRY, WHAT'S THE PLAN?
PLAN? THERE IS NO PLAN. I'M MERELY TRYING TO PROFIT FROM AN UNFORTUNATE SITUATION.
HAM!


A LITTLE JOKE, MY DEAR. THE PLAN IS... WHILE BADGER BEATS VAN... I'LL GRAB THE GENERAL AND USE HIM AS A HOSTAGE.
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S A GOOD PLAN.

OF COURSE I HAVE A PLAN! ÷HARUMPH÷
GENERAL, A SMALL WAGER... ONE MILLION AGAINST YOUR VILLA.
WHY NOT? COLONEL VAN IS INHUMAN. YOUR MAN CANNOT BEAT HIM.

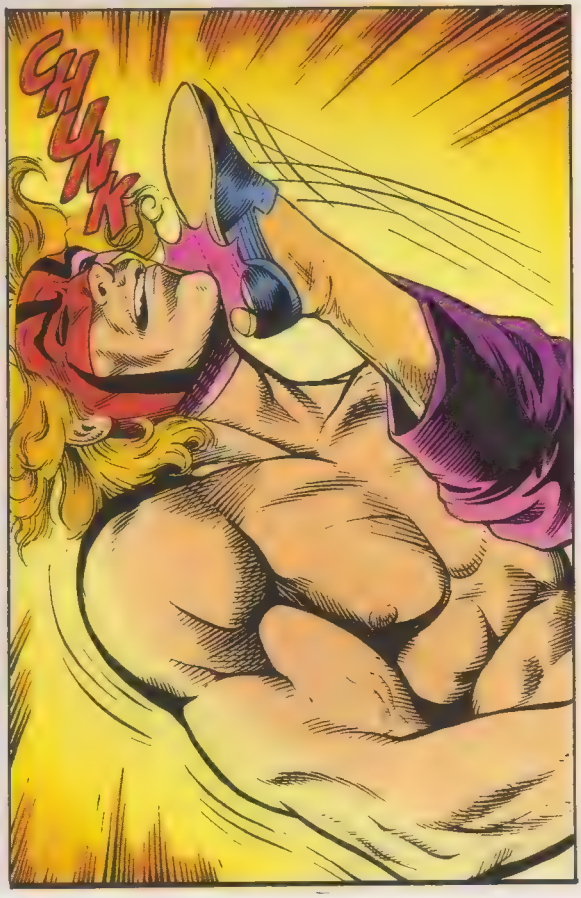
BADGER?
RIGHT WITH YOU, LARRY.

COLONEL, VAN IS AN EXPERT AT PENTJAK SILAT.
MOST IMPRES-SIVE!
POK
SWAK
CRUNCH!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET IN STEP, COLONEL, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

UF-DA!

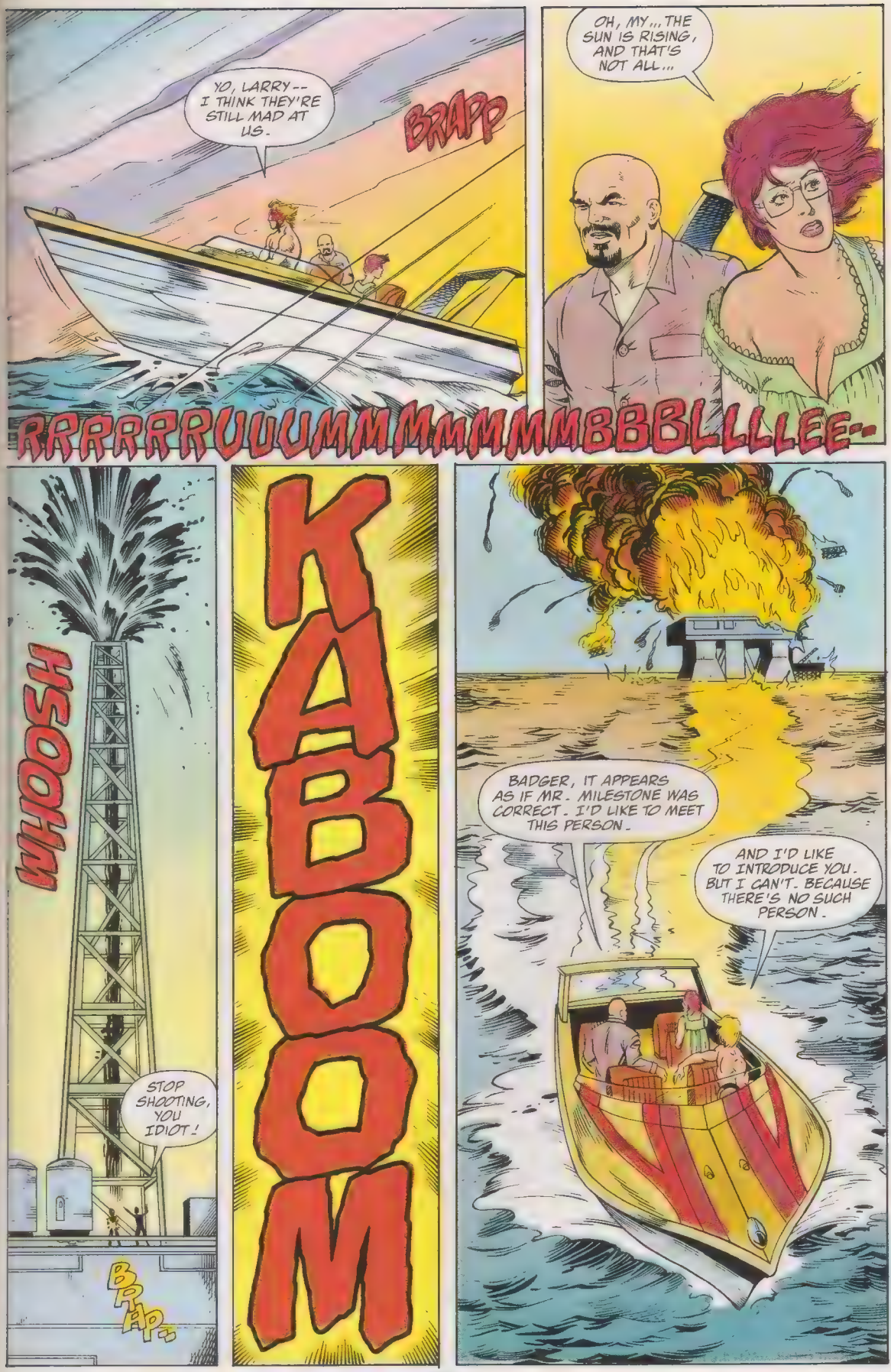
THOK

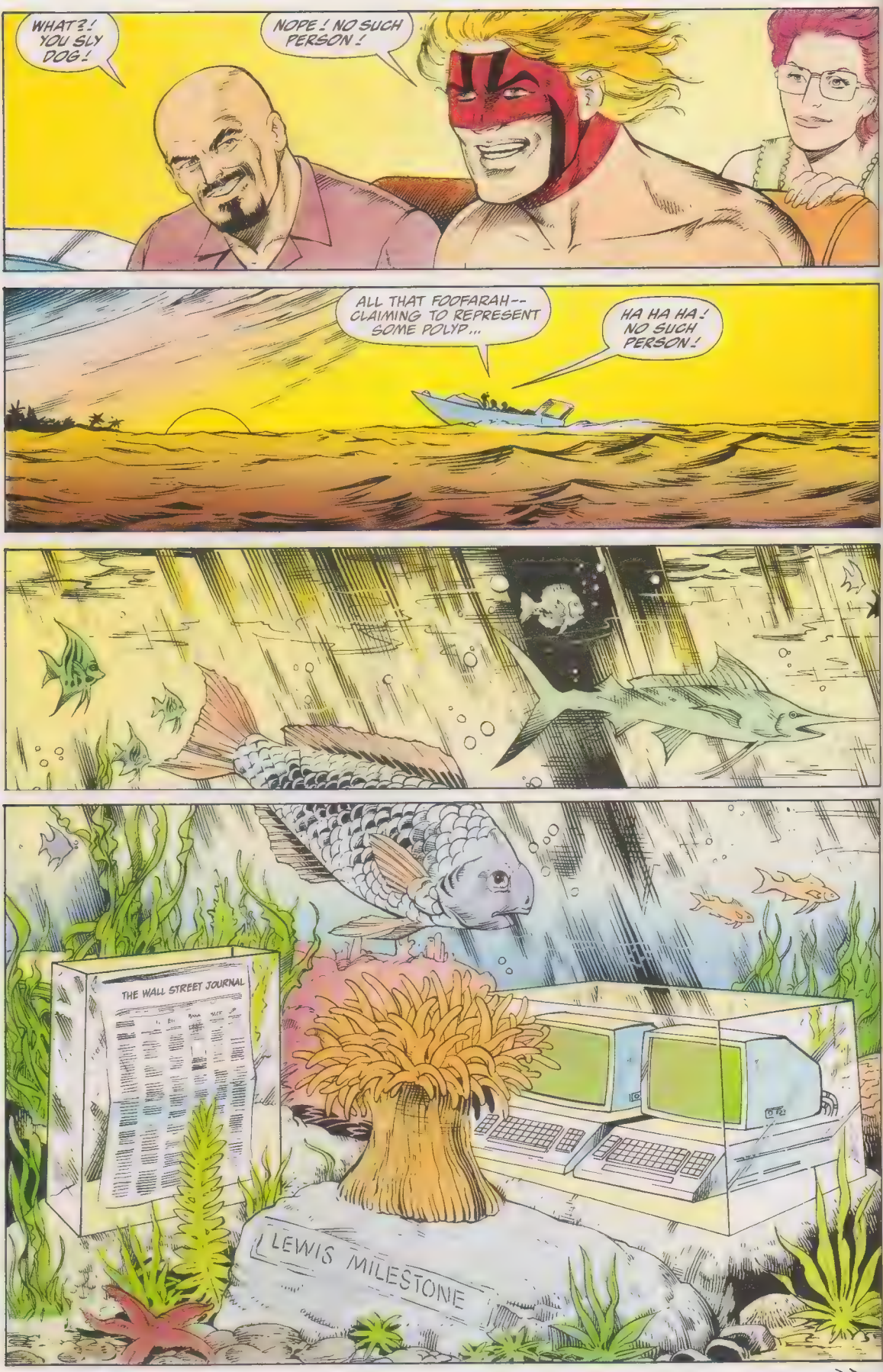

CHUNK

BEWARE, SEÑOR BADGER -- THERE ARE MANY HUNGRY SHARKS WAITING...
WELL, LET'S GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO CHEW ON!
HOI!
C-C-CATCH THE WAVE! IT'S THE REAL THING!
YO! BRUCE! CHEW ON THIS!
NO! HE'S MINE!
LET'S DO IT, COLONEL-- ONE MORE TIME!

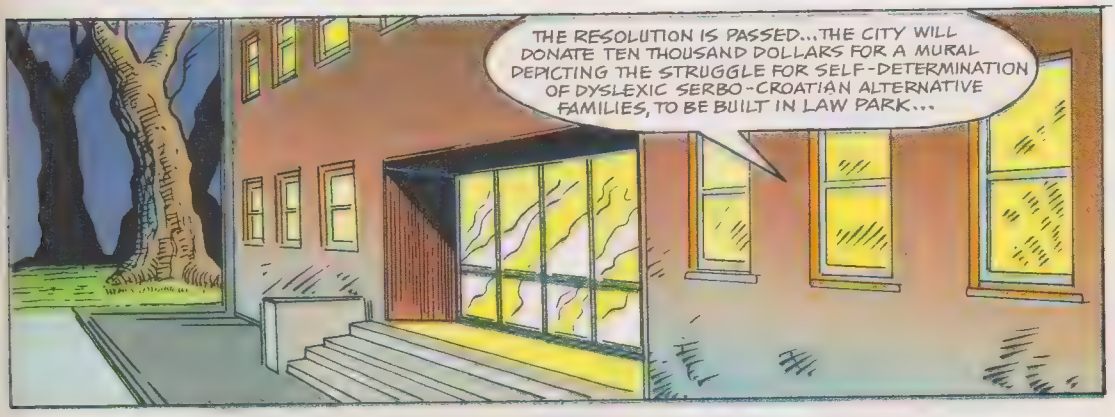
SI--SI--SI--
SNAP
CLACK
SAYONARA, SUCKER!
SWAK
NO! NO!
AAGHH!
RIIIP
CHOMP CHOMP

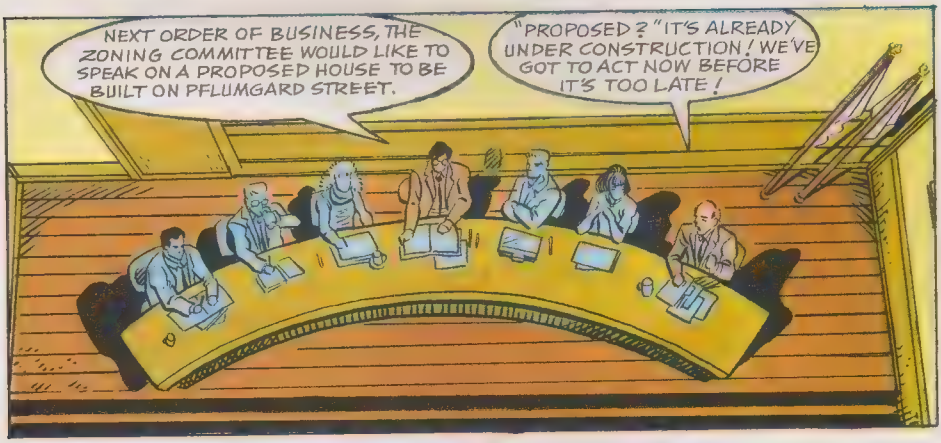
RRRRUUUMMMMMMMMBBBLLLLEE
UH-OH...
QUICK! TO THE BOATS!
'SCUSE ME.
RRRRUUUMMMMMMMMBBBLLLLEE
SHOOT HIM!
GIVE ME YOUR GUN.
I'M AFRAID WE MUST BE LEAVING.
B-BUT, MY FRIEND -- WE CAN STILL MAKE A DEAL!
I REGRET NOT, EDUARDO...
WE ARE NOT THROUGH, SEÑOR!
SWAK
RRRRUUUMMMMMMMMBBBLLLLEE

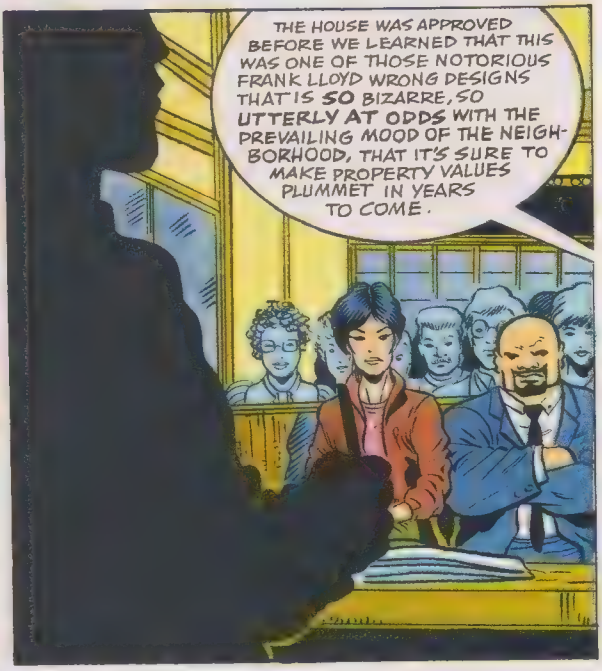

YO, LARRY -- I THINK THEY'RE STILL MAD AT US.
BRAPP
OH, MY... THE SUN IS RISING, AND THAT'S NOT ALL...
RRRRRRUUUMMMMMMMBBBLLLLEE--
WHOOSH
STOP SHOOTING, YOU IDIOT!
BRAPP
KABOOM
BADGER, IT APPEARS AS IF MR. MILESTONE WAS CORRECT. I'D LIKE TO MEET THIS PERSON.
AND I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU. BUT I CAN'T. BECAUSE THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON.


WHAT?! YOU SLY DOG!
NOPE! NO SUCH PERSON!
ALL THAT FOOFARAH-- CLAIMING TO REPRESENT SOME POLYP...
HA HA HA! NO SUCH PERSON!
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
LEWIS MILESTONE

TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER







THAT'S RIDICULOUS! WRONG'S BUILDINGS ARE AMONG OUR GREATEST ASSETS. IT'S A SHAME THE WAY THIS CITY HAS TREATED HIM!
I PROPOSE THAT THEY SUSPEND CONSTRUCTION WHILE WE SUBMIT THE PLAN TO THE NEW CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE.
ANOTHER GODDAMN COMMITTEE?! WE'VE ALREADY GOT COMMITTEES STUDYING THE PLIGHT OF KILLER WHALES, NON-SEX-ROLE TOYS FOR CHILDPERSONS, AND THE POLITICAL CONTENT OF FROZEN CUSTARD! WHEN IS IT GOING TO STOP?!
IT HAS BEEN MOVED AND SECONDED THAT THE SO-CALLED LARCHMONT HOUSE BE APPROVED BY THE CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE. THE FLOOR IS OPEN TO DISCUSSION.
LISTEN, YOU CAPITALIST GREEDHEADS! THE ISSUE ISN'T WHETHER THIS CROCK OF BOURGEOISIE CRAP SHOULD BE BUILT, IT'S WHY PEOPLE LIKE THAT ARE PERMITTED TO LIVE IN $200,000 HOMES WHILE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE STARVING!
I LIVE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND FRANKLY, MR. WRONG'S DESIGNS WOULD SIMPLY KILL PROPERTY VALUES. WE'VE TRIED TO ESTABLISH A SORT OF ANTEBELLUM FEEL, YOU SEE.
I AM A VIETNAMESE REFUGEE. MY HUSBAND AND I CHOSE THIS TOWN BECAUSE WE BELIEVED MADISON WAS A TOLERANT CITY!
ISN'T YOUR HUSBAND THE PSYCHO WHO DRESSES UP AND CALLS HIMSELF THE BADGER?
MY HUSBAND IS NOT A PSYCHO!

ORDER!
WE DON'T WANT A PSYCHO IN OUR NEIGHBOR-HOOD!
HE OUGHTA BE LOCKED UP!
NO TO THE PSYCHO AND HIS CRAZY HOUSE!
ORDER IN HERE! MRS. SYKES HAS THE FLOOR!
MY HUSBAND HAS FOUGHT CONSTANTLY TO PROTECT MADISON. HE MAY NOT BE POLITICALLY CORRECT, BUT HE'S NOT A THREAT TO ANYONE. YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO HIM FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!
THIS GUY'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF MENTAL INSTITUTIONS HALF HIS LIFE. I DON'T WANT HIM IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD!
YEAH!
THE MOTION IS PASSED. THE SYKESES MUST SUSPEND CONSTRUCTION WHILE THEY SUBMIT THEIR DESIGN TO THE CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE.
LET ME REMIND YOU -- THE ISSUE IS THE HOUSE ITSELF -- NOT WHETHER MR. SYKES SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO OCCUPY IT...
THAT MATTER IS BEST LEFT TO THE COURTS.

THEY REMIND ME OF THE PARTY OFFICIALS IN HO CHI MINH CITY AND THEIR SELF-CRITICISM MEETINGS. THEY USUALLY ENDED WITH THE RITUAL SACRIFICE OF SOME POOR FELLOW WHO WAS "POLITICALLY INCORRECT."
THAT'S WHY I LIVE IN BARNEVELD.
♪ THERE'S A BOAT THAT'S LEAVING SOON FOR NEW ORLEANS.. ♪
HOW DID IT GO WITH THE (SNEER) CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE ?
NOT SO GOOD, MAX, MY DARLING... THEY MUST APPROVE THE PLANS...
THE SWINE! THEY WOULDN'T KNOW CULTURE IF IT CAME OUT OF THEIR BRIE AND STRANGLED THEM!
NORBERT!
CALL HIM MAX, MY DEAR...
GIMME YOUR WALLET!
LOOK, MAN, YOU JUST NEED A SENSE OF SELF-WORTH... YOU NEED THE COMMUNITY OUTREACH PROGRAM!
MAX, THERE'S A JOB FOR THE BADGER!
TOO BAD HE'S NOT AROUND.
I'M GONNA CUTCHOO, SUCKER!
NO--WAIT! HERE'S THE WALLET! PLEASE LEAVE THE CREDIT CARDS!
HE WILL BE IN A MINUTE!

EGAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY HAIR?
LOOK IN THE MIRROR, NORBERT..
YOW! IT'S ME!
OR A REASONABLE FACSIMILE! WHERE THE HELL HAVE I BEEN?
I'M GONNA CARVE A HAMMER AND SICKLE ON YOUR CHEEK!... WHICH SIDE YOU WANT IT ON?
LOOK! DUTY CALLS!
YOW!
JUST A SECOND, PAL...
WHATCHOO WANT? YOU WANT ME TO CUT YOU, TOO?
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS FOR YOUR KNIFE!
....
BUNCHA CRAZIES AROUND HERE!

THAT WAS THE BRAVEST THING I EVER SAW!
REALLY? I JUST ASKED MYSELF "WHAT WOULD MAX DO?"
YOU'RE THE BADGER, AREN'T YOU?
I AM NOW. AND YOU'RE ON THE CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE.
YOU COULD GET THE COMMITTEE TO APPROVE OUR HOUSE. IT WAS ALREADY APPROVED ONCE.
I'M AFRAID THAT'S OUT OF MY HANDS. THE MAYOR'S GOT THE COMMITTEE IN HIS POCKET.
AFTER YOUR ALTERCATION AT THE EDGEWATER THE OTHER NIGHT, I'M AFRAID MAYOR MOE WILL BLOCK ANY APPROVAL.
THAT'S DISCRIMINATION!
MAYBE. IF YOU WERE BUILDING A HALFWAY HOUSE FOR RECOVERING DRUG ADDICTS, OR IF YOU YOURSELVES WERE THE LONE SURVIVORS OF AN OBSCURE GROUP OF HOTTENTOTS...
I'M A RECOVERING MENTAL PATIENT!
I'M A VIETNAMESE REFUGEE.
I'M RUNNING OUT OF PATIENCE.
I'M SORRY--YOU HAVE TOO MUCH MONEY TO ELICIT ANY SYMPATHY. IF YOU BUILD THERE, YOU'LL ALSO HAVE TO PAY AN EXORBITANT PROPERTY TAX TO SUPPORT THE ALL-NEW COMMITTEE-DESIGNED AND APPROVED COMMUNITY CENTER.
THANKS FOR NOTHING!

EGAD, SIR! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO LIVE IN SUCH A PLACE? THOSE MEALY-MOUTHED VIRTUECRATS WILL COMMITTEE YOU TO DEATH!
MADISON IS RECOGNIZED AS A LEADING CULTURAL CENTER.
THEN WHY DIDN'T THEY BUILD FRANK LLOYD WRONG'S NAKOMA BASIN PROJECT WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE?
NOW IT'S GOING TO COST THREE TIMES AS MUCH, AND LIKE ALL ART CREATED BY COMMITTEE, IT IS BOTH BLAND AND OFFENSIVE!
GREAT ZOT! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKE

DAISY!
MMF!
OVER HERE!
HELP ME GET THIS SOFA OFF ME!
WHO DID THIS?
A HUGE MAN--A MANIAC! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, BUT I THINK IT WAS CLARENCE CORNICE.
I HEARD A RACKET AND FOUND THIS GIANT TEARING THE OFFICE APART--HE WAS LOOKING FOR THE PLANS TO THE LARCHMONT HOUSE. I ASKED HIM WHO HE WAS AND HE GRABBED ME AND THREW ME ACROSS THE ROOM!
HE DIDN'T SEEM TO SEE ME--HE JUST RAVED ON AND ON THAT WRONG WAS WRONG AND THE HOUSE WOULD NEVER BE BUILT.
HMPH! WITH THE CULTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE LEADING THE CHARGE, HE HARDLY NEED LIFT A FINGER.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD ABANDON THIS HOUSE, MY LOVE.
NO WAY! FRANK'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE, AND I'M DETERMINED TO SEE THE HOUSE BUILT.
MY DEAR CHAP, NO ONE'S SEEN WRONG IN OVER TWENTY YEARS!
OH, YEAH? WELL I SAW HIM--I MET HIM IN THE SAME PLACE I MET YOU.

WHEN WERE YOU IN THE INSANE ASYLUM?
PUL-EEZE! IT'S A MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY! SPENT THE NIGHT THERE--ME AND FRANK BROKE OUT TOGETHER.
WHERE IS THIS LEGEND?
LET'S GO-- HE'S A FELLOW WELSHMAN, YOU KNOW.
SAID HE HAD TO VISIT HIS OLD DIGS IN SPRING GREEN.
THE NEXT DAY.
HAVING STUDIED HIS DESIGNS, I CONCLUDE THEY'RE RELATED TO ANCIENT DRUIDIC RITUALS.
A WRONG HOUSE HAS THE SAME MYSTIC POTENTIAL AS AN OAK OR A WICKER MAN.
MT. SMERD.
BEHOLD! THE SEAT OF HIS POWER! REEKING WITH MYSTIC MIGHT! WHO OWNS IT NOW?
I BELIEVE IT'S HELD IN TRUST BY THE SMERD FELLOWSHIP, A GROUP OF FORMER WRONG EMPLOYEES.
MT. SMERD SHALL REMAIN FOREVER MINE!
FRANK!
GREETINGS. I'M HAMMAGLYSTWYTH, A FELLOW WELSHMAN.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. MT. SMERD ISN'T FOR SALE.

SEE HERE, MR. WRONG-- I KNOW YOU'RE INTERESTED IN WELSH MYTHOLOGY. I AM A WELSH MYTH! TOGETHER WE COULD RULE THE WORLD OF ART!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN RULE. I ONLY WANT TO BUILD HOUSES.
FRANK, IS IT TRUE YOUR DESIGNS ARE ACTUALLY SPELLS TO SUMMON DEMONS?
THAT'S A LIE! I CAN'T HELP IT IF CONVENTIONAL WISDOM FINDS MY VISION UNSETTLING.
INSURANCE COMPANIES WON'T COVER DAMAGE DUE TO UNSETTLING.
WHAT ABOUT THIS CLARENCE CORNICE BOZO? IS HE GOING TO BE TROUBLE?
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN TROUBLE.
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT CLARENCE ...I BELIEVE HE HAS A CRIMINAL BACKGROUND. PART OF HIM WANTED DESPERATELY TO SUCCEED. HE HAD REAL TALENT-- NEAR GENIUS.
NOT LIKE MINE, OF COURSE, BUT REAL GENIUS NONETHELESS. THE DARK SIDE OF HIS PERSONALITY STRUGGLED WITH THE GOOD AND FINALLY WON.
FRANK, WE'RE GOING AHEAD WITH LARCHMONT HOUSE AND WE WANT YOU TO SUPERVISE CONSTRUCTION.
FINE, BUT I NEED NEW CLOTHES FIRST.
ONLY AN ESCAPEE FROM A MENTAL INSTITUTION WEARS PLAID BELLBOTTOMS!
MADISON

I HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO MY PUBLIC. A BANKER'S PINSTRIPE IS ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE.
VERY ELEGANT, SIR.
THAT'S FRANK LLOYD WRONG!
HE'S BACK, HE'S BAD AND HE'S LOOKING FOR ACTION!
ZOUNDSKI! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR?!
MR. WRONG, WOULD YOU CONSIDER DESIGNING CLOTHES FOR OUR STORE?
I DON'T DO "BIG" OR "TALL", YOU KNOW.
SHORTLY.
SHALL WE GO?
HMM... AND WHEN CAN WE EXPECT THE BADGER?
NEVER, IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! POOR CLOD HAS NO SENSE OF STYLE!
MAVIS MAY HAVE OTHER PLANS.
I'M FAMISHED! LET'S EAT!
HEY! FRANK LLOYD WRONG'S BACK! HE'S HAVING DINNER AT THE EDGEWATER!
I MUST ASK HIM TO DESIGN OUR GARDEN!
NEWS CREWS ARE ON THE WAY!
The Edgewater

MR. WRONG, WHAT'S YOUR VIEW ON THE CITY COUNCIL TURNING DOWN YOUR PLAN FOR A CIVIC CENTER?
MR. WRONG, WHAT ARE YOUR IMMEDIATE PLANS?
PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE DINNER!
MY ONLY IMMEDIATE PLANS ARE TO SUPERVISE CONSTRUCTION OF THE MUCH-DELAYED LARCHMONT HOUSE. AFTER THAT WE'LL SEE. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND...
THE SLATHERING SWINE OF THE FOURTH ESTATE. YOU HANDLED THEM WITH ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT, MR. WRONG.
I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH! BACK ONLY ONE DAY AND ALREADY OFFERS ARE POURING IN!
MAVIS, YOU KNOW NORBERT'S FRIEND MAX...
OF COURSE, I'LL FIX A ROOM FOR YOU, MAX.
THANK YOU MY DEAR. I SLEEP LATE.
ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO MAKE HIM SLEEP IN THE GUEST ROOM?
OF COURSE. I'M MARRIED TO NORBERT, NOT MAX. BESIDES...
MAX IS GAY.
NO! LET ME RUN AND MAKE A NOTE OF THAT!
WHEN WILL YOU FINISH "WHEN BADGER HOWLS?"
MAYBE NEVER. THE MAIN PURPOSE IS TO HELP NORBERT. I'M CONCERNED ABOUT THE INCREASING INCIDENCE OF PERSONALITY CHANGES.

HERE ARE YOUR TOWELS, MAX.
THANK YOU, MY DEAR.
AND MAX...
IF NORBERT SHOULD SHOW UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, PLEASE HAVE HIM WAKE ME.
BOYS, THIS IS FRANK LLOYD WRONG HIMSELF. HE'LL BE IN CHARGE OF CONSTRUCTION.
ANYTHING YOU SAY, MR. SYKES.
GENTLEMEN, LET'S HAVE A PEEK AT THOSE SPECS...
IS THIS WHERE SYKES HAD YOU RAISE THE ROOF?
YEP.
LOWER IT BACK DOWN.
BUT MR. SYKES SAID...
FORGET WHAT SYKES SAID! I'M IN CHARGE HERE! THEY'LL THANK ME FOR THIS WHEN WE'RE THROUGH.
NORBERT! YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT! THE COMMITTEE APPROVED OUR HOUSE!
WHAT?!
MR. WRONG'S RETURN HAS SPARKED A GREAT REVIVAL! THEY'RE EVEN TALKING ABOUT THE NAKOMA BASIN PROJECT AGAIN.
YOW! WE'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE FRANK FALLS OUT OF FAVOR AND THEY CHANGE THEIR MINDS.

FRANK THROWS HIMSELF INTO CLOTHING DESIGN, LEAVING THE GRABBUCK BROTHERS DE FACTO CHIEFS OF CONSTRUCTION.
LOOK AT THIS, DAN. IF WE WAIT SIXTEEN DAYS FOR THE GROUND TO SETTLE, WE'LL BE NINE DAYS LATE ON THE MAYOR'S HOUSE!
AW HECK, DON! THE GROUND IS READY NOW! LET'S JUST MOVE AHEAD!
WITH A FURY BORN OF PRACTICE, THE GRABBUCK BROTHERS THROW THEMSELVES WHOLESALE INTO THE COMPLETION OF THE LARCHMONT HOUSE.
UNTIL AT LAST--
THERE IT IS, FOLKS! THE WRONG HOUSE! NINE DAYS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!
A MASTERPIECE! WE'RE HOLDING A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE MORNING TO GIVE THE MEDIA A LOOK.
WHICH MEANS WE SHOULD HAVE OUR OWN PRIVATE OFFICIAL GRAND OPENING TONIGHT!
I WANT TO WALK AROUND.
NO, WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT, NORBERT. ANCIENT WELSH TRADITION -- NO ONE MUST ENTER A NEW HOUSE UNTIL AFTER SUNDOWN. I HAVE TO RECITE A BLESSING.
HMMM... I WONDER WHY HAM NEVER MENTIONED THAT...
HE MAY NOT BE FAMILIAR WITH THIS PARTICULAR RITUAL.
"REGRET MS. FIELDS CANNOT JOIN YOU TONIGHT, URGENT BUSINESS TAKES US TO EAU CLAIRE. BEST FORTUNE, HAM"
WHAT A WANKER! AT LEAST HE LEFT US SOME CHAMPAGNE.

THAT EVENING.
SUCK!
SMASH!
ENTER.
BONK!!
HEY!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?! WE DIDN'T ORDER A DOLL HOUSE!
I PRESUMED YOU WANTED AN AUTHENTIC ORIGINAL, NOT A BOWDLERIZED VERSION.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A SICK EGOMANIAC AS WELL AS A DEMENTED DWARF!
CLARENCE!

FLY, YOU CHEESY LITTLE TOAD!
NOW I'LL FIX THIS HOUSE THE WAY IT SHOULD BE!
GO! THAT'S YOUR CUE!
HUH?
BUT OF COURSE, MY DEAR!
I SAY, YOU LOUT! BEGONE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!
WHAM!
GNURG!

WHACK
THAP
BONK
TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER!

CRAAA

CRASH!
OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME!
TWEET TWEET
DARLING, WAS IT JUST ME, OR WAS THE CEILING A LITTLE LOW?
CLARENCE WAS HAULED COMATOSE FROM THE RUBBLE AND RETURNED TO NAKOMA STATE. NO TRACE OF FRANK COULD BE FOUND.
I'M SORRY, MR. SYKES. YOUR INSURANCE DOESN'T COVER LOSSES DUE TO SETTLING. I SUGGEST YOU GO AFTER THE BUILDERS.
THE GRABBUCK BROTHERS? SURRRE...
...EVER TRY TO SQUEEZE BLOOD FROM A TURNIP?
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE, MR. SYKES, WE ALL HOPE YOU'LL TRY AGAIN.
NO THANKS! WE DON'T THINK THE CITY IS READY FOR LARCHMONT HOUSE. IT MAY NEVER BE READY!
BESIDES, WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE.

IT'S NOT SO BAD. THE CASTLE HAS 26 ROOMS. WE'LL REMODEL OUR OWN SUITE. WE'LL ADD A SPA AND A JACUZZI.
YOW!
FRANK!
HELLO! I LANDED IN AN OAK IN THE BACK YARD.
FRANK AND I ARE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE HE WENT WRONG...
FRANK'S BEEN WRONG ALL ALONG.
MORE SPECIFICALLY, WHERE DID I GO WRONG IN MY DESIGN FOR LARCHMONT HOUSE? IT WAS SUPPOSED TO SUMMON A SUGAR DADDY FOR THE NAKOMA BASIN PROJECT--NOT A DEMON!
AHA! YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU REALLY WERE A DRUID WIZARD ALL ALONG?
THAT IS CORRECT, SIR. AND I HAVE AGREED TO LET HIM REMODEL THE CASTLE.
WE SHALL START BY LOWERING THE CEILINGS...

A FOUR-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES BY

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THE MADNESS BEGINS IN MAY

FIRST COMICS

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